

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "What's Real"

(feat. Group Home & Royce da 5'9")

What's real?

("The real question is...") What's real?

("Try your best to diagnose...") What's real

("People all around, you got to recognize and witness")

I got soldiers that'll turn shit out, burn shit out  
Do I come correctly when it's my turn? No doubt  
I twisted trees in the cold with one hand wipin' my nose  
Girls say that I'm fly 'cause they be likin' my clothes  
But the clothes or the money can't make the man  
When I apply my vicious grip, you can't take it, man  
Face it and understand, there are no winnings for you  
What I'm beginnin' to do, is bring an endin' to you and your crew  
I sip a brew and at the same time drink the life out of you  
I righteously come through, created in the likeness of who?  
G-O-D, can sell a half a line for a G  
Check ballistics, you won't be takin' mine from me  
Oh boy, you p-noid, heard my lightnin' and thunder  
Not Thor but frightening, type of stress I've been under  
I'm the one-eyed Jack, I'm here to smack you back  
In '83, I seen stacks, run your kicks, take a flick and act

(What's real?) Certified street poetry  
In the game a long time, so you know it's me, nigga  
(What's real?) Gang Starr, muthafucka, we live  
All you fake niggas run and hide, we wanna know  
(What's real?) It's Lil Dap in the place to be  
We livin' proof, supa star, you see, we wanna know  
(What's real?) The Foundation, yo, we presidential  
Y'all ain't built for what we been through

Underground, I might as well record in the sewer  
Notorious lord of the war, tourin' Aruba  
Before I was crawlin' I'd warn you and show you the Ruger  
I'ma shoot four through your fedora, destroy your medulla  
I could get these niggas X'd, quick as sendin' a text  
For disrespect, shit'll be simple as orderin' an Uber  
I don't know what's quicker to change, them figures or fame  
But I guarantee you don't nothin' move more than the moolah  
All these rappers really cut out to do is squash the beef and dip  
Y'all need to cut out the diva shit  
Every time a nigga like Fever Nina come out the dealership  
The streets hear the sound of that Preem droppin' the needle skip  
Like Kane walkin' in "The Symphony"  
Abel is my brother who all he offers is infamy  
I bust Magnums, either strategize or duck faster

I send his whole group home like Melachi the Nutcracker  
Preem blowin' weed, he a master on the courts  
I'm a student with the rap that's spewin' passion on the chorus  
While the smoke is in the air, feel like voodoo's on the floor  
'Cause we got the actual ashes of Guru on the boards  
He's sittin' right inside an urn in the session  
Lookin' down from Heaven to Gang Starr's current regression  
Earnin' successes, his legacy get treated like four themes  
Movin' forward then let his children eat off the proceeds

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(What's real?)

("Gang Starr, boy, and that's beyond your comprehension")